

# The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1845.

Number 16

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.  
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

## TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrears are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens cul'd with care."

## LOOK! HOW MY BABY LAUGHS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

It is a lovely sight to see  
An infant laugh delighted;  
But lovelier the silent smile  
In the rapt mother's eye the while  
To mark. The pupils wild dilated  
Reveal the heart's intoxicated  
With a pleasure inexpressive;  
Quite, quite a transcendental joy  
At the merriest of that blest boy!

A vision I behold like this,  
And, oh! methought no terrene bliss  
Could ever equal such a scene;  
Nor Cupid and the Paphian queen,  
In beauty match the artless pair,  
That revel'd in enjoyment there;  
The mother a mere girl indeed—  
'Twas just from his swaddlings freed—  
One as the other innocent,  
An angel o'er a cherub bent

Her sweet employment a blush brought,  
Which must in the moss rose be sought,  
Upon her cheek. A peartier hue,  
Just pencil'd with faint veins of blue,  
Her infant's wore,—the stranger sun  
Nor yet a ruddier tint had won;

As careless on her lap he sat,  
He look'd one DIMPLING heap of fat.  
Uniform—but beautiful—a thing  
Of Caricci's imagining!

Her gorgeous hair, with sportive grace,  
She shook in her young upturn'd face,  
The dancing curls, like flashing light,  
So radiant—so intensely bright,  
He snatch'd, yet his imperfect hold,  
Could not retain those threads of gold:  
So, with affected force she drew  
The curls from his soft fingers through.  
'Look! how he laughs! look, only look!'  
And then again her curls she shook.

Oh! magic curls! Oh beauty's dower!  
Awaken'd with enchanting power,  
The gladdest laugh in infant mirth,  
'That e'er resounded from the earth  
To the blue skies—to echord be  
By kindred seraphs pure as he!  
It was a picture passing fair,  
And, bless'd be God, by no means rare,  
For the same ineffable joy  
Each mother feels—and too her boy.

## THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

Day dawned: Within a curtained room  
Fell'd to faintness with perfume,  
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the light,  
But for the lady fair and bright,  
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was seen,  
And near it often times was seen  
A gentle boy with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,  
And struggled in the world's rough race,  
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye,  
Humility's brief sum and story,  
Life, death, and all that is of—Glory.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MARY FENWICK, OR THE ALIBI

BY A LAWYER.

(Concluded)

"There were plenty of people who could depose that, on the 23d of October, at a tavern dinner, the two fit associates had quarrelled, and had high words, though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, but apparently good friends. The next step in evidence was two people having returned late that evening, and, on passing a little stunted thickset, about half a mile from town, having heard something like groans and cries, which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched, and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise, and horror of all, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne, whose clothes, from the dry nature of the place, were in good preservation.

"Things began now to put on an aspect terribly serious for Dick Marshall, especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir, how they trust to likeness) that he had met Dick or some one so like him that he had no doubt it was he, on the road to that very spot just before the hour when the groans were heard; though on being addressed by his name, he passed on and took no notice.

"Between the quarrel and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a jury; and there were a great many circumstances besides to give it a color; especially poor Dick's now reckless and profligate habits, and his evident confusion and agitation when first asked what he had been doing on the night of the 23d of October.

"To those who saw his face on that occasion, his conscience-stricken looks, when taken by surprise and his angry defiance afterwards, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt. Dick was committed for trial, and oh, sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty curly haired child, and then a manly spirited boy.

"His behaviour in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen. He seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty; as most did except his poor father, who never could credit it, urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs, whether some means or other of averting his sad fate might yet be found.

"He at length said, though it seemed extorted from him by his parents' distress, 'there's one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge, but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she has left England—and that's poor Mary Fenwick! This is a judgement on me, father for my usage of that girl!'

"The agonized parents from what they gathered further, lost not a moment in writing Mary the most pathetic letter ever broken hearts dictated. They feared she would have sailed, put it pleased God to order otherwise, and instead of the former uncertain delay from contrary winds (which had now set in fair,) there was now a fixed detention for one week, for some official reasons.

"Mary carried the letter to her good mother, and told her all the circumstances, and readily obtained leave for the journey, and was offered the escort of a fellow servant, but she was steadfast in declining it. I would have no unnecessary witnesses of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady," said she, "and God will protect one that is going to return good for evil."

There was not a moment to be lost to let Mary appear at this assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time for the ship so into the mail she stepped, and got here as soon as a letter would have done. When they saw her, the poor old Marshalls faint for joy.—They kissed and wept over her as they had done many a time when their son's wildness grieved her gentle

spirit, but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to shield their gray hairs from disgrace and despair. They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard, but she said mildly, 'we have both need of our strength till to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him, and pray that it may not be from danger in this world alone.'

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay down her head once more to sleep in her mother's room's in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial of appearing in court before her whole towns people on so melancholy an occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends till she could be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into, and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so very conclusive against poor Dick, that the counsel against him, a rather flippant young man, remarked, that nothing short of an alibi could bring the prisoner off.

"And that shall be proved directly, my lord," replied very unexpectedly some of the prisoner's friends. 'We have a witness here more than three hundred miles for the purpose.' & Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box.

The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say he wished to find her testimony false, but really, sir, lawyers have a frightful degree of pride in showing their own ingenuity, and he did not quite like his case to be overturned. At all events, his manner was anything rather than encouraging to a poor frightened girl, but he little knew that Mary, as he was a nature, could be as firm as a rock, where her duty was concerned.

"A friend desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply asserted, in as few words as possible, that Richard Marshall could not have been at Overton wood at the hour mentioned for the murder of John Osborne, as he was with her on the road to B—, far in an exactly opposite direction.

"Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear," said the counsel flippantly, but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence for what passed on that occasion.'

"I am sure they ought," said Mary in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity.

"And pray what reason may you have for remembering particularly that it was the 23d of October, and no other day, that Richard Marshall met you at nine in the evening?" said he, recovering himself.

"Richard Marshall met you, you say, on the road to B—at a little after nine on a certain evening. Pray what reason can you give for remembering the hour?"

"Because I had stayed to give his mother her nine o'clock draught before I left, and because, just as I got to my father's gate the church clock struck ten."

"Very accurate, and pray what led you to be very positive as to the day?"

"Because the very next morning I sailed for London in a smack whose sailing day is always on Friday, and Thursday was the 23d."

"Very good and logical indeed. And now my dear, to come to the point, how came you to remember this meeting itself so particularly? It was not the first, I dare say?"

"No sir," said Mary, with wonderful self-possession, but it was the last I remember it because we were engaged to be married, and on that very night, and I bless God it was no other, Richard Marshall told me, and not very kindly either, I was not a fit wife for him, and that all that had been going on between us so long was forever at an end. I've a right to remember this, sir, I think."

"Mary had made, to preserve her utterance in this testimony, all the exertion nature permitted. She fell back fainting into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran round the court.

"This is an alibi with a witness, said the old shrewd senior crown council.

'Tis not likely a discarded sweet-heart would travel six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like that.'

In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the Jury a 'housewife,' whose few leaves of rude memoranda contained, evidently inserted at the moment, and blotting by a still discernible tear, 'This day parted forever with poor Richard Marshall in this world. God grant we may meet in the next!'

'And did they meet again in this world, sir?' said I; when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes.

'No, sir, Mary thought it was better other wise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving since he has lost Mary. Poor wretch! we'll see if this great escape will sober him.'

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Haddington were now in view. I have since been in Berwick and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and wiser man, and Mary is married in India to a young chaplain, to whom Lord S— has promised a living in the north on his return to England.

## ON THE HUMAN MIND.

Nothing, perhaps, could conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children, and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant; and are immediately forgotten, whereas the merit ought to be registered with the utmost care, for it is here, and here alone, that we can discover the character and nature of first principles. And attention to the commencement and development of the ideas of the young, would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most abstract philosophers, respecting what they may so confidently advance concerning these first principles.

## EXERCISE.

Throughout all nature want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, insinuation, and death. Trench, in his damp prison, leaped about like a lion in his fetters of seventy pounds weight, in order to preserve his health, and an illustrious physician observes: 'I know not which is the most necessary to the support of the human frame—food or motion. Were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree with that of the mind, men of great learning would be more healthy and vigorous—of more general talents—of more ample practical knowledge, more happy in their domestic lives, more enterprising and attached to their duties as men. In fine, it may with propriety be said that the highest refinement of the mind, without improvement of the body, can never present any thing more than half a human being.'

Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to the truth, but while you express that which is true, do it in a pleasing manner. The truth is the picture—the manner is the light that displays it to advantage.

BREVITY.—That writer does the most who gives his readers the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time: In literature as in finance, much paper and much poverty may co-exist.

Rachel: my daughter, why don't you learn as fast as your little sister Hannah? 'Why don't every stock of clover bear four leaves, mother?' 'Go bring in a basket full of chips, child.'

A man named J. M. Sharpe, living in Statesville, N. C. recently courted and married a second time, a wife from whom he had formerly been divorced.

## CURE FOR DIARRHOEA.

'Even after all other remedies have failed, a certain cure for it will be found in rice water. Boil the rice, take the water, make it palatable with salt, and drink it copiously while warm.'

The following suggestions were made in the Lowell Offering. Their general acceptations would produce a joyful state of things.

'All cannot be greatest, but all can be kind:

'Speak kindly to thy fellow-men,  
Lest he should die while yet  
Thy bitter accents wring his heart,  
And make his pale cheek wet.'

Speak kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know;—sorrows thine eye has not seen; and grief may be gnawing at his heart strings, which ere long will snap them in sunder. O, speak to him! Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his o'er shadowed heart, and make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one. Speak kindly to thy brother man, even though sin has marred the spirit's beauty, and turned into discord the perfect harmony of his being. Harshness will never reclaim him. Kindness will. For far beneath all the depravity there still lingers a spark of the spirit's loveliness that one word from thee may kindle into a flame, which will eventually purify the whole man, and make him what he was designed to be the spiritual image of his God. Speak kindly, act kindly to all, without asking who it may be. It is enough for thee to know that he belongs to the common brotherhood of man, and need thy sympathy. Then give it to him freely?—ay, freely as thy Father who is in Heaven, giveth the.

KEEP YOUR NEWSPAPERS.  
A volume of newspapers is a book unbound. Why should it then be wantonly destroyed? The man who receives a weekly journal during twenty years, receives twenty volumes at least as valuable as those with which he furnishes his shelves from the book-stores.—It is instead of procuring them to be bound, he suffers them to be destroyed, the loss is as real as that of any other property. He may have read them, to be sure, but they may be highly useful to him for reference hereafter, when what he has read shall have been forgotten, and he shall wish to re-call it. A considerable portion of their contents are historical, and there is as much reason for preserving any other history. They contain, besides, a large variety of miscellaneous information. All this will be interesting at some future day. An expression of contempt for an old newspaper is very common, but no more rational than the contumacious of Hume's England, because many years have since it was written.—What is news this week does not cease to be news next week, but it becomes history, and then the files of our periodical publications furnish many of the documents from which the condensed history of our country have been and are to be compiled. Let every periodical work be destroyed, and we take away from future generations nearly all knowledge of our doings, but what shall be contained in the records of the nation or handed down to them in the uncertain stories of tradition.

A most interesting sight for to see, is that of a young lady, white eyes like a gazelle, voice like a 'silver trumpet' and with lips like 'rubies,' and 'with cheeks that have stolen the deep carnation of the deathless rose,' with her MOUTH FULL OF GINGERBREAD!

## SAD HOURS.

Who has not paused upon some portion of their existence, and felt its burdens greater than he could bear? Who has not looked back to the past with that passion of hopelessness which seems that life can never more be what it has been, with a consciousness that the deeper emotions are exhausted, while in their place have arisen but vacancy and weariness? You feel as if you could never be interested in any thing again—may you not even desire it: your heart is divided between bitterness and indifference.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spend thrift, on his conduct. 'My love,' said he, 'I am like the prodigal son—I shall reform by and by. And I will be like the proud son, too,' she replied, 'for I will arise and go to my father,' and off she went.

'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance—' and cheap enough at that.

## LOVE.

The article of love is quoted in last advices as follows:

Love is like the devil, because it torments, like heaven, because it warps the soul in bliss; like pepper, because it often sets on fire; like sugar, it is sweet: like a rope because it is death to a man, like a prison, because it makes a man miserable—like wine because it makes us happy—like a man, because it is here today and off tomorrow—like a woman because there is no getting rid of it—like a ship, because it carries one to the wished for port—like a fierce courser, because it runs away with one—like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad—like a goose, because it is silly—like habit, because there is nothing like it. In a word it is a ghost because it is like every thing, and like nothing—often talked about, but never seen, touched or understood.

## YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.

On this subject Dr. Palfrey has the following just remarks: 'Youth is easily attracted and soon decided. It forgets that the fanciful preference of a moment may not safely determine the prospects of a life. It is unmindful that, looking to this world merely, occasions will come for which the graces of the ball room are no sort of preparations. It rashly takes the eyes which can sparkle in their morning brilliancy, for those that will weep meekly in sorrow, and kindle with a steady encouragement in the midst of care, and hold a light which can cheer, when all other light on the earth has waxed dim. It is so wild as to mistake the flatterer of the hour for the same being who will be the ministering angel of sickness and decline. It needs to be reminded, if there is any engagement in life, which is not to be formed under the arbitration of caprice, it is that which is not dissolved till the parting shall come at the laden bier and in the open grave. It must be conjured to remember if there is any step in life which requires beyond others to be made reverently, discretely, advisedly, soberly, prayerfully, and in the fear of God, it is that step which lay by day is the most inconsiderately taken.'

A bricklayer at Lowell fell to the ground from a chimney, which he was erecting, on Tuesday. William Wiggins was the unfortunate man's name. He fell forty feet and alighted on his head yet there are hopes of his recovery.

Dr. Franklin said:—'A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality and civil liberty.'

The United States frigate Constellation the gallant ship which won the first laurels for our infant Navy, in 1799 and 1800 under Commodore Truxton, is to be metamorphosed into a steamer.

## MODESTY.

The latest case of modesty is that of a young lady who wore green spectacles, because she objected to looking at the gentlemen with her naked eye!

## LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A clergyman told an Indian he should love his enemies. 'I do,' replied the Indian, 'for I love Rum and Cider.'

The Cincinnati Gazette tells the following good story: A young blond from the east, not over famous for wit, while commencing a day or two since upon Western Society, remarked to a Cincinnati belle, that they were too decidedly barbarous out West, and he should have himself boxed up in a piano and shipped East.

'I think you had better do so,' she replied, 'and have it marked "Piano—pianissimo!"—[soft, very soft] Good—very good!'

## A NEW ORDER.

The Springfield Republican says that the ladies of that place are about organizing an association in opposition to the 'Odd Fellows,' under the name, 'Independent Order of Strange Women.'

What is that which a female frequently looks for yet never wishes to find?—a egg in her stocking.